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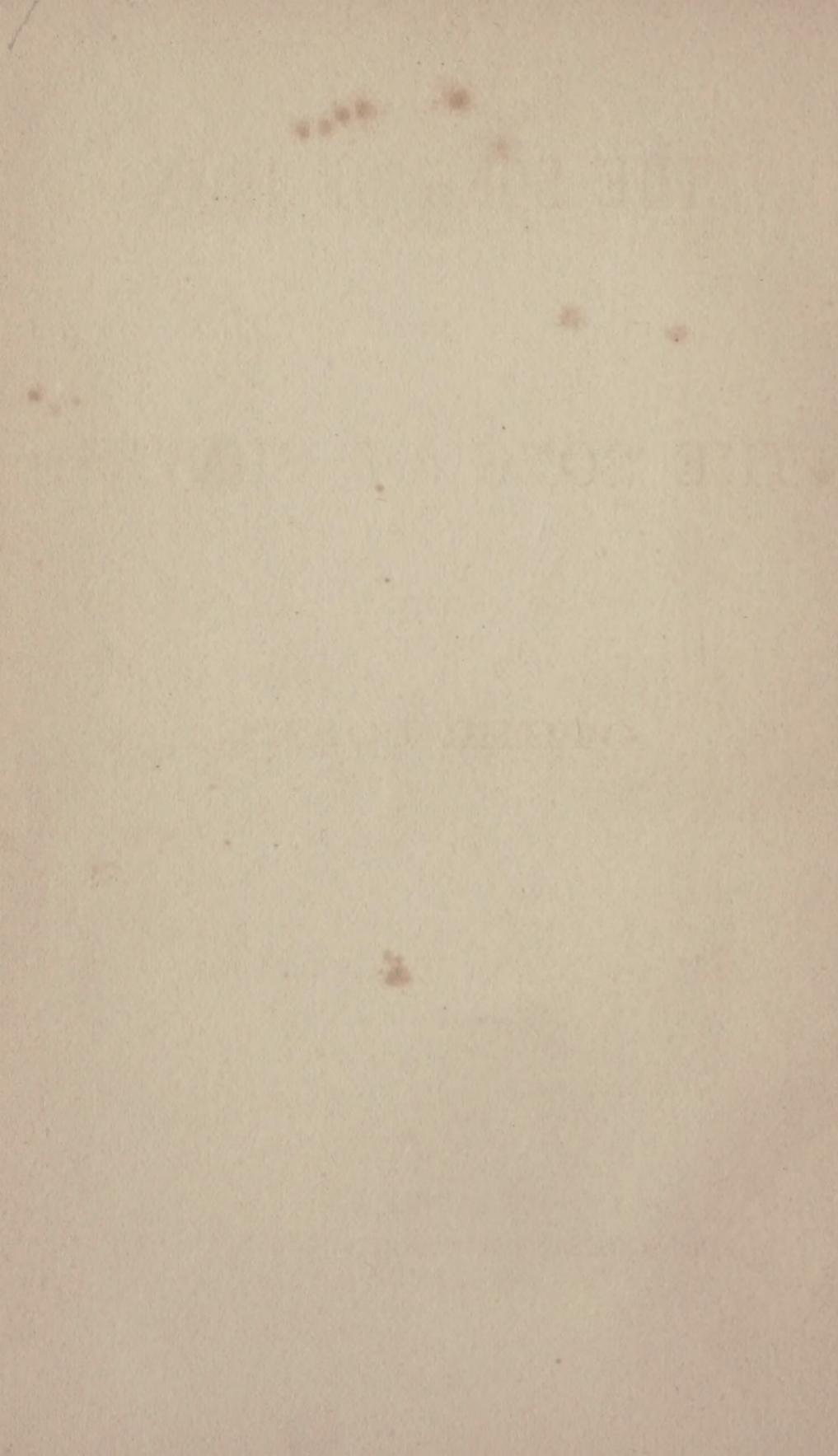
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THE SONG OF IRON

AND

THE SONG OF SLAVES;

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY KANE O'DONNELL.



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THE SONG OF IRON.

O'ER flaming, roaring forges,
The dingy rafters are,
Black with a sooty midnight,
And red with sun nor star,
Where toil the iron-workers
In leathern guise and grim ;
As bounds the heavy hammer
Resounds their sturdy hymn :
Hurrah ! this world of ours,
Of fire, cloud and power !
Thus, iron beats on iron
And shapes the serious hour.

Into the hungry fire
This rusty lever throw ;
That wheezing windy whisp'rer
The stout-lunged bellows blow.
Red-hot upon the anvil
The angry barrier glows,
Crowned in a flying splendor
As down the hammer goes.
Hurrah ! this hour's creation,
The iron hand, hurrah !
Thus down on good unshapen
Strikes the almighty law !

Beneath the chimney blazing,
The canopy so murk,
The gnomes with zeal amazing
Are sweating at their work.
See, how like Etna's giants
With rage their sinews swell ;
Angels of use and power
Are hard at work in hell !
Hail ! hail, ye sacred children
That sing in heat thrice-hot,
Toil on, ye faithful Shadrachs,
The fire shall harm ye not !

Hark ! in the blasty hollows
The savage, suffering ore,
Molt-white with heat infernal
Groans from the open door,
Where swarm the devil choirs
With all the breath of doom—
Ply well, thou nude-black monger ;
Gold issues from the tomb !
Ho ! for this gold of iron !
Hurrah ! the wonder-glow
These stalwart sons of fury
Wrought from the fiends below.

To strain of iron fibres
The molten glories swing,
Earth-sprites of fire and darkness
The lumpy meteors bring.

Fate, with the weighty rollers,
Moves on in fear nor ruth,
So, into form and wisdom
Is crushed the truth of truth.
Hurrah ! the light of labor !

Hurrah ! the task of grime ;
Earth brightened out of chaos
And grew to use and prime.

Loud, loud, at shop and foundry
The echoing hammers clank,
From swart mechanics busy
At boiler, pipe and tank.
Grows 'neath the dark creator
The iron life of towns,
The arteries of empires,
The civil links and bounds,
The quick and breathing iron
That leads and rules with fate ;
Nor hero were more noble,
Nor tyrant e'er so great.

Out from your dungeon stithies,
And potent, wise and tame,
With beam of pond'rous order,
The massy engine came,
And so, to throb of duty
The merry factories go,
Chase not away the fairies
But bring the gods below.

So, came the great steam-being
With fiery breath upcurled,
A rude alarum angel
To waken up the world !

Behold the heavy limber
Of this Cyclopean jade,
Its fast, huge-moving muscles,
Its organs monster-made.
Stands there a brawny rider
With iron rein and curb,
Who'll match this smoky Arab
His likeless iron barb ?
Hurrah ! the courier iron !
And lo ! the courser bold
The godlike man-creator
Hath fashioned out of mould.

On, in intrepid action,
Light-speed and thunder-rune,
The festal march of iron
With missionary boon !
Strong-winged o'er flood, thro' mountain,
This stern evangel true
Runs thro' the life and ages
A golden deed to do !
Then blessing crown the iron
That still doth blessing bring ;
Naught but a crown of iron
Shall crown the iron-king.

Thro' forests old, tenebrous,
In dense and dead of night,
And with the tread of earthquake,
And with the speed of fright,
The indomitable iron
Fierce life in death doth seem,
With one large eye of fire,
And with a voice of steam !
Lo, mail-arrayed and hostile
The iron vikings shine,
The adamantine navies,
The bulwarks of the brine.

O iron benediction !
The happy village gleams !
Ay, laurelled be the iron—
See how the furrow teems !
Glad be the eager darling,
Her manly brothers come,
And husbandmen and sire
Sing in the harvest-home.
And iron cheereth iron
And rules forevermore,
Bright be its wake on river,
Its journey on the shore.

Yes ! 'twas for this the miners
Like grave truth-seekers dug,
Brought up the ore so ugly
With many a wrench and tug ;

But 'tis an honest goblin,
Tho' rust its russet mood,
And thus 'twas all unhandsome
The first-discovered good,
Till kindling education
Made all its beauty bright—
Put truth into the furnace
And sure, 'twill come to light !

For this, on ferrial mountains,
The trite and dusty elves,
By moon and tree incanting
Danced where the digger delves ;
With nick and pix eccentric,
And imp or lurikeen,
These earthen-queer wiseacres,
The little eld, were seen ;
With abra and cadabra
Their merry sorcery spelled—
Ha! ha! the magic iron !
Oho! the witching weld !

And so, this dædal iron
With skilled endeavor wrought,
In intricate wild cunning
Confirms the curious thought ;
Deep-hearted and far-minded,
For evil and for good,
Gleams in the soul of purpose
And rises in the blood.

But honest be thine iron
And still its temper new,
Love mingle in thy daring
And keep its valor true !

In weird human nature
The mineral virtue lies ;
It chains us unto labor,
It links us to the skies.
For heat and toil and travail
Our iron fate decreed,
And from the fiery trial
We enter use and deed.
So grew the sombre epochs,
The battle-life of clay,
Man's path and course historic,
A devious iron way.

In multitudinous hubbub
Of Babylonian life,
Hear, labyrinth of cities,
This motive iron strife,
Where trade and manufacture
A world revolving pass,
Bronze Mammon stolid stareth
And Fraud uprears his brass.
But good o'er all surmounting,
The hard oppression reels
Beneath the general iron,
The honorable wheels.

In warmth of revolution
The iron swells in man,
Too hot the flame to quench it
Do all the tyrant can.
From tumult and confusion
'Tis shaped with deed and word,
Then comes this sullen iron
In cannon ball and sword !
And fires a people's genius
From the prophetic leaven,
An iron inspiration
That seeks the world and heaven !

And still we groan and suffer
The iron deed to do,
But thus, thro' ceaseless yearning,
Is error made the true.
From ruder ores of being
With finer fires we feel,
Toil, thought, and pain and process,
Is forged the higher steel.
Salvation gains with labor,
Life is with passion beat,
And mounts the pure immortal
From quintessential heat.

Ah ! wound of anguished feeling,
And heart-streams sorrow-bled,
The bitter draught of iron
The gods strong-making made.

Joy is not all with living,
Or grief beside the grave,
The worn, the wronged, the lowly,
Are burdens of the brave.
Cheer, cheer their hearts to uses,
And deem not effort vain ;
Rust not an idle weapon
Beneath a foolish rain !

O zeal of pliant patience
That suffereth, doeth all !
For use and honor bearing,
To deed and duty thrall ;
Rewarded in thy doing
And good for good alone,
In act and purpose constant,
And sacred to thine own ;
Fit unto all occasion,
Inspired, strong and fine,
Here with a mortal mission
But with a soul divine !

O truth of generous anger
That will not brook the wrong !
To you the shock of danger,
For you the fire of song,—
Where lurks the righteous devil
That battles sore and well
When Heaven sends out on evil
A hell to couple hell ;—

The dreadful, dreadless iron
The strong archangel bore—
Hail ! champion and avenger,
Hail ! saint and salvator !

Down, down with repetition
Of hammer and of storm,
Works on at forge and anvil,
Herculean Reform.
Ten thousand thousand sledges
Fall, fall, with workman rage,
As iron down on iron,
Down on an iron age—
Strike, for to-day, to-morrow ;
Tho' dumb they do, nor see,
The prophet in the fire
Beholds the great To-Be !

And right and wrong together
Forever wage in fight,
God turns the blow on evil
And arms and makes the right.
So, long on ill sardonic
And evil subterrane,
Beats down this power ironic
With godlike might and main.
The war must be unending,
But stronger be the good,
Grown unto mighty clamor
And risen like the flood !

When Jove, with spell deific,
His sacred whisper threw
Into the ear of nations
The iron sent it due.
It came in thought and silence
And grew in silence sure,
Or rose on chords of trouble,
But still to end secure ;
From man to man, electric,
And land to land it hurled,
Jove's word, thro' iron pulses,
In lightning to the world !

Prometheus, wise in venture,
From heaven's altar stole
A charm of fire and iron,
A secret of the soul ;
And still for daring, suffering,
And suffering still for good,
Lives the Promethean spirit
In mortal godlihood.
In wrath of earth, hell, heaven,
Doth working virtue prove,
And turns the iron quarrel
Into almighty love !

O genius ! consecrated
By fire heayen-sought,
Experience of passion
Refined in gentle thought ;

Tho' guards thy heart the dragon,
Is pure its altar-plan,
Thy song is sacrificial
For kindness and man ;
And mother Nature sootheth
The step-sire World's disdain,—
The fire of heaven taken
Give back to heaven again !

This is the wand of Adam,
The sceptre of the bold,
It is the crown of heroes
When iron conquers gold ;
Within the eyes of mortals
And in the stars of night,
Soul of advance and being,
Of motion and of might.
O well, ye men of metal,
This virtue's honor made,
When iron leaves a nation
Then turns its soul to lead.

To strength of peace and murder
Forth rolls the ball of power,
And unto million hammers
Is made the earnest hour ;
And unto heavy rollers
This working system moves,
Blood, nerve and arm of iron
The earth in being proves.

Her life and toil of iron
The sister planet hears,
It is an iron music
She sings among the spheres !

Infernald and supernal
This stedfast power doth move,
To hell and earth and heaven,
To hate and use and love :
Invades the mystic ever
Of endless great and small,
Is of the central being,
The universal all.
Mission of tireless doing
The worlds of labor roll,
With motion and emotion,
A wondrous iron soul !

And hermitied in iron
The deep idea sleeps,
Harmonical and holy
The song eternal keeps ;
But to thy touch O genii,
The spirit wandering sings,
Or answers to the dæmon
Its awed and shuddering strings :
In tremulous vibration
With fire the chords along,
Wakes in a vague lyratation
The resurrected song !

First of the smiths and artizans
Was antique Tubalcain,
When art was rough, he wrought it
For love and murder twain.
He gave it unto music,
He shaped it into swords,
And thus it hath been ever—
We sing to iron words ;
And love is of the iron
And war with iron strong,
Then be thy muse of iron,
And iron be thy song.

Hail, then, ye handcraftsmen,
Earth-masters, tried and old,
Kings were your men of iron
And came of iron mould.
A warrior monarch blacksmith
His German hammer swung,
The iron of the Lion
On Paynim squadrons rung.
He held a sword two-handed
The conqueror Charlemagne,
And Ireland's ire of iron
With Brian rose again !

In panoply of iron
The knights are breast to breast,
The sun on glaive and halberd,
On morion and crest.

A hundred shouting captains
Ride all along the line,
Charge ! cries the grim commander—
The hosts in fight combine ;
And where the combat's thickest
This iron chief is found,
Descends his rushing cleaver,
The foemen bite the ground.

O but unto the fearless
Be given victor-wreath ;
Naught save unconquered honor
Is free of life and death.
Fly ! cried the trembling craven,
And cried the foeman—*fly !*
Nay, quoth the man of iron,
Here be my sword and I !
The will and ward of iron,
In fastness and assault,
Resolved where man defended
Or rose upon revolt !

And beauty looked on iron
And made its ardor glow,
Down thro' volcanic ridges
The goddess went below.
In red midnight cavernous
She saw the Titans stark
And there, in cloudy humor,
Raw Vulcan at his work.

Loved then the awkward craftsmen,
And still doth iron prove
As loyal unto beauty
As valiant unto love!

Naught but a lord of iron
Shall beauty's master be,
Since Vulcan will not suit her,
Mars shall her gallant be.
Yet quarrel not good comrades,
The greater god to know,
For who shall tell which Mars' is
And which is Vulcan's blow,
Since oft who fights in battle
In peace is mightiest,
And he who makes the weapon
Knows how to wield it best,

'Tis false that honest Vulcan
The god imperial sent
For misdemeanor headlong
Out of the firmament.
'Twas but a leisure duty
When in a godlike spell,
With mind and force of heaven
He wrought in fires of hell.
And still he's Jove's own blacksmith
And Heaven's engineer,
Wheels round to his machining
The universal sphere.

Up nigh his own dominion
Jove built him up a star,
And there in red auroras
His huge forge-heavens roar !
From his tremendous anvil
Flies flame and meteor ;
And now with thundrous earnest
He strikes for Mars and War !
Suits well this great god Vulcan
Such doughty labor-love,
He shoes not now for Phœbus,
But makes the bolts of Jove !

Not now for Europe patron
His giant labor wars,
Here is a sounder iron
And here a grander Mars.
Pennsylvan mines and forges
Are vast in craft and power,
Here is the time of iron,
This is the iron hour !
Hurrah ! the revolution
And hail ! the battle dire ;
Two hundred thousand Irons
Have gone into the fire !

Hark ! hark ! the mortal clangor !
In devastating breath
The thunder-crash of cannon
Rolls on the ears of death.

Descends on good and evil
God's awful iron rain,
And blows thro' gloom of havoc
The leaden hurricane ;
The demons forge in earnest
And fight with rage sublime,
Rapt, in Plutonic chaos
Lit up with lurid crime !

Ho ! sons of Mars and thunder,
Of Vulcan and of flame,
Shall Slavery chain the ages
And link the time to shame ?
What ! lacks this stubborn iron ?
And have ye vainly bled ?
Oh, there's a taint of iron
Within the tears we shed.
Ho ! for an iron leader,
An aim for men and braves,
Or smites a robber's weapon
To brand us slaves of slaves !

On ! on ! our iron armies,
And oh ! diviner blood
Work in the work of iron,
Ye toiling slaves of good.
Down on your myriad anvils
Let all the hammers light,
Crush out the monstrous treason
And shape the wrong to right.

Clank ! clank ! on chain and rivet,
Upon the limbs of thrall,
At work are all the hammers—
Hurrah ! the shackles fall !

Rise ! yet undying Freedom
And lead our failing van,
O strong shall be the battle
When man appeals for man !
Bear down on banded darkness
The legions of the light,
Then build immortal empire
Upon eternal night.
Yea ! blest shall be the struggle,
And sacred be the sod,
Hurrah ! the brand of Freedom,
The iron arm of God !

ART SONG.

RESTORE, O Art, restore
Our nature's lost content !
Let thine ideal daylight in
Our sombre firmament !

For Eden ever is,
Tho' hid in sin and doubt,
'Tis thine, true artist-soul,
To seek and find it out !

THE SONG OF SLAVES.

HANG thy sword upon the wall,
And let it rust for shame ;
There is no longer right or truth,
Nor honor is nor fame.
Since love hath lost its faith,
And justice is a lie,
What matters it to live ?
Yet what avails to die ?
We are shackled unto graves,
And unto life are thrall ;
We are knaves, and less than knaves—
We are slaves, slaves, all.

Hang thy gauntlet on the wall
For a challenge to thy shame ;
Life is not life when life is base,
And death hath lost its fame.
For we are bond to each,
And unto none are brave,
And life and death together find
A prison and a grave.
This is the end of shame ;
This is the fate of thrall :
We are knaves, and worse than knaves,
And slaves, slaves all.

Hang thy shield upon the wall,
And let it rust for shame ;
A canker waste a noble mind
And blot a father's fame.
In the rack of old emprise,
With the dregs of joy and wine,
Thy gross retainers feast—
But the castle is not thine ;
And the soldier's soul is scorn,
The minstrel's heart is gall—
We are freemen nevermore,
But slaves, slaves, all.

Lord ! by a foe's caprice ;
Bankrupt, with greed for gold ;
And bargainer, with sword in hand,
Of birthright bought and sold !
What's won ?—a servile rest ;
What's lost ?—the world and sun !
Thy gains are needs ; so count them o'er
And curse them one by one.
We are craven unto wrong ;
We are fools in hut and hall ;
We were tyrants—we are slaves—
We are knaves, knaves all.

What is thy house ?—a jail ;
Thy banner, but a rag ?
The cormorant by thy standard sits
Where the bailiff drives his fag ;

And cormorant to raven croaks,
Thief unto thief replies :
“ Not long we wait who prey on state,
For he is dead, or dies.”
Then call thy crows to feast
In carrion festival,
Corpse and ghost of what thou wert,
Slave, slave for all.

There's crime by fear caressed,
And intrigue, keen and neat,
And heartless ignominy dull
By bolder sin browbeat ;
To politicians' wit
The hypocritic laugh ;
And, winking by thine elbow, Fraud
Writes down thine epitaph.
Thine inventory's made,
And for a pledge they call !
Slave of a thousand slaves,
And lord and fool of all !

Who's friend ? and who is foe ?
For each one wears a mask ;
Who cringes most ? who cheats the most ?
The foolish riddle ask.
True foe were better friend,
True friend were better foe ;
Since thunder cannot shake,
And lightning cannot show,

Thyself to fate and thee !
Ourselves to woe and thrall ;
Thou worst, and we accurst,
Slaves, slaves all !

But a drunkenness of ill
Mad revelation works—
See, how the placeman scoffs !
See, where the dullard smirks !
Let revolution stride—
Tilt the tables where they grin ;
Turn the money-changers out—
Let some others rascals in.
To the scoundrel's white revenge,
To the stranger wretch a thrall ;
Bond, blind, forever blind and bond,
And a slave to all !

So, vice shall be thy law,
And roguery the mode,
Or swindle trade ? or cheat the state ?
Or rob us on the road ?
First of a pirate clan,
Chief of a beggar horde,
At purse or heart a pauper both,
Price written on thy sword,
Till some provincial trader comes
And buys thee cheap for thrall,
Then swaps thee off for better worth,
Slave unto one and all !

Vext, vext, with half a mind,
Of half a heart bereft,
And half a conscience pains
The little life that's left !
Where was thy broad domain
The petty acres see,
Some ten by four of Judas'-earth,
Enough to bury thee ?
Who sells his life to death
To endless shame must fall ;
The chains are strong, and time is long,
And we are bondmen all !

States prey on paltry States,
The cannibal self on self ;
The Bedlamitish peoples wild
With folly and with pelf ;
Religion without soul,
The tabernacle taint,
And Slavery is divine,
The devil is a saint !
Raise up the gods of old,
Moloch and Belial,
Idolators and knaves
And slaves, slaves all !

Weep, weep, the heart's decay,
The lost romance of youth,
And nature's neighborhood to man,
Lost atmosphere of truth ;

Weep ; the unfruitful weed
Is bitter to the root,
And man, a menial unto man,
His brother makes a brute :
Weep this inhuman life,
So barren, gross and small,
Oh ! better far the martyr's death
Than suicidal thrall !

Anon the people cry :
“ We have sold ourselves to shame ;
We have bartered of our brothers' blood
And made our manhood tame ;
Like children, flung away
An empire for a toy,
Cowards, have parted with our strength,
And sold our weal and joy.
War at the threshold stands
For peace that mocks our thrall ;
We were giants—we are babes—
We are slaves, slaves all !

“ Men and might we had,
Cause and need sublime,
With the secret voice of God,
Of being and of time—
ADVANCE, and SAVE, and BE !—
False were our generals,
False were our prophets, false our bards,
False—for ourselves were false !

From the heights and from the depths
Vain did serf and freeman call—
So are we bond who once were free,
And slaves, slaves all.

“ When, when shall we arise ?
’Tis hard to file the chain,
For the hands of man are bound,
And the souls of men are vain.
We live within a day of death,
A race of nameless slaves,
Whom lights the drear and dying sun
Unto ignoble graves.
Bond to a day of self,
To earth and time a thrall ;
The past forbids—the future spurns—
We are slaves, slaves all !

“ Place shackles on the heart,
And fetters on the mind,
Till we become the things we loathe,
And man shall lose his kind ;
Be sold as slaves of state,
As lambs of church be slain,
And let the things of night and death
Usurp the dawn again.
We are shackled unto graves,
And unto life are thrall ;
What is the world that God hath made,
And what is man at all ?”

Something more than church
And better than the state,
Moulds the commonwealth of man,
And turns the wheel of fate.
'Tis freedom, man, and God,
And nature, kin-allied ;
Lose this, and lose thy soul—
What is the world beside ?
'Tis the outlaw Truth that guards
State and city, fane and wall,
More than statesman, more than priest,
More than chief or general.

And when revolution comes,
Crisis in the roll of fate,
Let the outlaw be thy law,
And the battle shall be great.
Take all the right thou hast
For all that wrong can be,
Advance, advance, and live with truth,
Or truth shall bury thee.
For must wing the cherubim,
Must the reptile crawl ;
From progression's righteous law
Who would lapse must fall.

Can'st thou stay God's hand ?
The eternal purpose stay ?
Can'st thou kill the immortal mind ?
Blot out the trial day ?

The sacrifice of self
To wrong or right must be ;
'Tis life or death !—come, choose for God,
He'll give it back to thee.
Thou canst not nature 'scape,
Thou canst not keep her thrall ;
By God's revenge, and man's desire,
Thyself alone shall fall !

Who binds shall thus be bound ;
The slaver shall be slaved ;
Who raises, shall himself arise ;
The saver shall be saved.
For man is one with man,
And man by man must gain,
And his best self's his brother's own,
Or else the creeds are vain ;
And the gospel true is man,
Else is not God at all,
Else are we knaves, and worse than knaves,
And slaves, slaves all !

O People ! see and hear ;
The letters are of fire,
The words are thunder, and the voice
God's want and man's desire.
It vexeth the just Heaven,
To hear the tory prate ;
It vexeth the high Truth
To hear the traitor rate—

Peace ! hypocritic peace !
They bate with evil breath !
Peace ! 'tis the serpent's hiss,
And the sting is death.

Arise, O God ! Arise, O God,
And let thy judgment fall,
Ere *we* be babes, ere *we* be knaves,
Ere stand the innumerable braves
As cowards on their fathers' graves,
And slaves, slaves all !

PRAISES UNTO THE POET.

Praises unto the poet
To whom true meed belongs,
He had epic thoughts divinest,
But he melted them all to songs.

And the songs from his breast o'erladen
Like birds he gave to air,
And wild with wing and warble,
He sent them everywhere.

And ever winging and singing
Like larks to heaven they soar,
But their nest and home in the heart is
Forever and evermore.

THE CARNIVAL OF THE INVISIBLE.

I.

I WANDERED in a charmed faërie,
My spirit deep attuned to subtlest chords,
Serene surrender, that most delicate words
Could not express its muteness fine and airy.
Then gradual came dumb herald Reverie,
And wizard Sleep, and marvelously did ope,
Dream, his enchanted tube and microscope.
Thereat, were faint and tiniest minstrelsy,
The infinitessimal tones and things of air
In motley glee, chorus, and festival,
With move perceiveless, perfume inly rare,
The carnival of the invisible !
It seemed my senses past dull nature's bound—
The very silence was made up of sound !

II.

Unto the merest point of acute feeling
Dwindled the minute monitors of sense;
The unseen came into clear evidence :
There were peat cherubs dainty tunes outpealing
Through crimson suckles ; and quaint atomies
In merry guise ; and jolly little dwarves

Standing like cavaliers upon the wharves,
Wherfrom some acorn boat a puny breeze
Was wafting o'er a Lilliputian river :
Gay masquers danced thro' colonnades of
flowers,
From tower of bloom quick archer sped his
quiver,
And little knights and ladies looked from
bowers
Of clambering blossom ; all sweet things were
blent :
The fairest devise of merriment !

III.

It was a microcosm of motes and beams,
Of insect poets, ant philosophers,
Of neat and intricate artificers
On wood and leaf ; so, in my curious dreams
I saw them building, spinning, giving law
Or honeyed wisdom, while from petty dells
Came pagan music with a sound of bells,
Arcadian revels such as never saw
Most versatile fancy. Soon, inebriate, full
With feast, a braggart party in affray
Swaggered upon my nose. The oracle
Of slumber sounded portently !—Away
They fled. I woke—sighed ; listened ; gazed
around,
And wondered if the blue bells had a sound ?

SIR POMP.

I ENVY not Sir Pomp his rich content,
Snug-seated ease and comfortable bloom ;
His round world pride and pedant market lore,
His glory in the gross, his pagan plume,
His port and consequence and swelling praise,
His heavy patronage and windy ways.

Sir Pomp's a paragon of blaze and blare,
And when he talks there's an oration ;
Himself a god, his audience the world ;
And when he walks there's a procession.
He could not whisper but it were sonorous,
And could he sing, good lord ! it were a chorus.

Why look at him, and heaven were not too
high ;
He's gathered harvests from the furthest
sphere,
He's cropped his cabbages within the moon,
And raked his lettuces in Jupiter.
So big his pride, creation's scarce a trouble—
Pomp held the pipe and blew it like a bubble !

He is the darling of himself; himself
The darling and the centre of mankind,
A blatant placeman, axiomatic fool,
A pumpkin patriot with a moral rind,—
A thing of custom's conservative curse—
His brain and virtue tightened in his purse.

And in the city here he treads in state,
With pursy bluster and a fat man's frown ;
Forever walking with an orchestra,
And ever drumming truth and honor down ;
And whom he deafens not with bruit so bold,
He turns and blinds them with a show of gold.

Throw out thy flags and make it holiday !
I shall not bow or cringe, or drop the knee ;
And let thine idiot cherubs give thee noise
Of absurd music from their trumpetry—
Still, but a god of babes thou art, and proud
To be the biggest baby in the crowd.

But yet full sick I am of din and gaud,
Bombast and fustian, flare and fanfaronade,
And this rude bellowing of the bull of the
mart,
This den of thieves, this slaughter-house of
trade,
The racket of great babies at great toys—
I'll go and take a bottle with the boys.

Good bye, Sir Pomp—come quiet, love, and
dream,
And wit shall glow with wine and wine with
wonder ;
Farewell, O patron World, for one good friend,
I like his lightning better than thy thunder.
Dearer to me, my solace and my joy,
The amaranthine youth, the laurelled boy !

THE MAIDEN DEATH.

I.

THE maiden Death sits pallid
Upon her shadow-throne ;
Her minstrels, souls invalid,
Sing many a mournful ballad,
And half their singing is sighing,
And half their sighing moan,
For they are dying, are dying
Her lovers every one ;
And to the mild white Death
They give their latest breath.

II.

She is mistress of a wide realm
That knoweth not when or where ;
And there must be a ghost at the helm
When thou sailest to her :
And the waves be Lethe, the night abysmal,
The river dismal, the winds despair ;
But thou shalt sleep, nor care,
To the lullaby of the dirges
Of the under-sighing surges :
Far away in darkness fair
Is the strand so holy
And the palace of melancholy—
The realm of wraith, where whisper saith,
“This is the land of Death.”

III.

“Come!” she saith to thee,
“Here’s potion for thee to sleep;
Come, rest and sail in my bark the bier,
And over the grave, the deep;
They shall call thee from the shore,
But thou shalt slumber and dream forever-
more.”

The trysting tender Death!
The sorrowful girl Death!

IV.

Ah! more than mother chary,
And more than sweet-heart true,
Life is bitter and weary,
And true love never knew.
Here’s dirge and dole for thee;
Give us rue and rosemary;
Nepenthe for quiet breath!
Let us sail to the land of wraith.
True saint of melancholy
This lady-love supreme,
And oh! for the rest—the rest of rest—
The double sleep asleep on her breast,
To dream, and dream, and dream!
The quaint and virgin Death!
The beautiful Queen Death!

THE LETHE OF SLEEP.

WHEN skies are heavy as eyelids with dew,
Then welcome the hour of pain !
Our lips shall be silent, our souls shall renew
The promise, the promise so vain.
But the bliss of that hour shall be deep,
To gaze on our sorrow and weep :
To sink into rest, and be blest
In the quiet, the quiet of sleep.

When hearts are weary, are weary, are worn,
When starry eyes are dim,
When tears are falling, are falling forlorn,
Then, sorrow, we murmur thy hymn.
But the spell of that hour shall be deep
To sink into slumber and reap
The opiate peace of release
In the Lethe, in the Lethe of sleep.

Ah ! when shall the fever be over and gone,
The rankle of heart and brain ?
The cup of our sorrow we drink all forlorn,
'Tis bitter, 'tis bitter we drain—
'Tis bitter, 'tis bitter we steep—
O welcome that quiet to keep,
Long lull of the Lethean deep,
Long silence, long silence of sleep !

RITTER GRIMM.

THE Ritter Grimm, the robber,
In his rock-tower of the Rhine,
Grew red with oath and wassail,
And round with mirth and wine ;
Then cried in rouse and revel,
“I fear not God or devil,
The robber knight, huzza !”
“Huzza !” each swarthy ranger—
Harsh laughed the evil stranger :
“Ha-ha ! ha-ha ! ha-ha !”

“Dread’st thou not fiend or angel ?
Sir knight, I challenge thee ;
In the forest is my castle,
Come, hunt and feast with me.”
“Gods-life, by rood and ransom,
I fear not, knight unhandsome—
Ha-ha ! ha-ha ! ha-ha !”
Round went the blood-red liquor
And filled each lusty beaker—
“Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !”

At midnight came four friars,
Four friars gaunt and slim,
Who bore a bier, with torches,
And spake in prayer to him :

“Oh, Grimm, be thou confesséd ?”
“Avaunt, thou cunning death’s-head !
 Ho-ho ! ho-ho ! ho-ho !
Hence, hence ye wolfish friars !”
A hollow voice expires :
 “Ho-ho ! ho-ho ! ho-ho !”

“I reck not,” quoth the Ritter,
 “My fate to live or die,
Since life’s to me death-peril
 Which death it is to fly.
Then since can naught avail it,
Heavensooth, I do assail it !
 So-ho ! so-ho ! so-ho !
Sound ye my horns uncivil,
The Ritter for the Devil !
 Hollo ! hollo ! hollo !”

Out rode that daring hunter
 Into the forest old,
Grim Ritter Grimm, the robber,
 And his companions bold.
Then came the mystic stranger
With many a demon ranger :
 “Wilt feast with me ? Ha-ha !
Oh yellow bright my gold is,
I swear my wine not cold is,
 My fire is hot ! Ha-ha !”

Now shook Sir Grimm with terror,
A red road opened wide,
A wild and flaming chasm,
And down the robbers ride.
“Soh ! knight, this is my castle,
How lik’st my fiery wassail ?
Wilt drink ? wilt feast ? Ha-ha !
Ho ! robbers all to hell come,
The devil bids ye welcome,
Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !”

Then closed that horrid cavern,
But echoed like a tavern—
“Ha-ha ! ha-ha ! ha-ha !”

THE LOVER.

A LOVER fondly cherished
A rose-tree in his breast,
And there a bright bird warbled
With delicate unrest.

O there are balm and fragrance
And music in his heart,
And the roses blooming, blooming,
But oh ! the thorns they smart.

BABBLEBROOK.

“SAY, little brook, why wanderest
Amid this dainty green ?
The tall oaks top the sky,
Where the river banks are high,
And there the lilies lean ;
But here thou prattlest, ponderest,
Of all sweet rills the tenderest ;
Say, little brook, why wanderest ?”

“Too bold and strong the river
For little brooks like me ;
The oaks are big and loud,
The lilies are too proud ;
But here, so quietly,
I wander in the fair dells,
And talk to tiny harebells,
And here my little dear dwells.

“Yes ! all day long I’ve sought her,
The darling little girl ;
She’s somewhere nigh, I know,
For the blackberry blossoms blow,
The breezes lift a curl,
And whisper, ‘Little Water,
Here, here’s the farmer’s daughter,’
But yet, I have not caught her.

“ This morn, the pretty rover
Hereby her ringlets shook,
And hereabout did keep,
Awakening thoughts too deep
For a shallow little brook ;
Her face she bent me over,
So, like a silly lover,
I pinked like any clover.

“ Then tript she off so cheerly,
With many a glee and trill,
That the robins 'gan to pipe,
Up where the apples ripe,
In the orchard by the hill ;
Sure ne'er was such a fairy,
Blossom or bird or dearie,
So I wander, never weary.

“ But this I know her way is,
For here, my eddies purl,
And my gossips, the flowers, say,
'This, rivulet, is the way ;'
And I know the little girl
Is in the briar mazes,
For, hist ! I hear the daisies
Whisper her praises.”

“Thanks, little brook, for surely
Was never streamlet heard
That spake so good and meek ;
She is the maid I seek.”—

But the tender rivulet stirred :
“Nay, nay,” it said, demurely,
“I’ve told thee wrong and poorly,
For I shall lose her surely.”

Then I comforted the little brook
And found the little maid ;
So down we sat, while her ringlets shook
Sunbeams over the laughing brook
That prattled and purled and played.
“And I know thy secret,” the water said,
“And I know thine,” said the tender maid,
“And thine I know,” I said.

I heard the tinkle of sheep, and the song
Of a merry fellow,
Who sang as if his throat were ripe
And his tune were mellow :
And the peace that stirred
In my soul serene,
Was a melody unheard
And a joy unseen.

COME ! FOR THE NIGHT IS CALLING.

COME ; for the night is calling ;
Come ; for the shore is hoar ;
Come ; for the heaven is falling,
And the oceans rise and roar :
Come ; for the storm in thy soul is calling
To the tempest upon the shore.

The thunderbolted lightnings
Cleave to the root of the world,
And from high and deep abysses
Midnightmost ruin is hurled.
Thou stormy soul ! fierce lullaby
This angry mother saith,
And a sea of grief is breaking, breaking
Upon a strand of death.

Breathe out thy solitary sorrow
Into the universe of moan ;
Fade in the whirl and world of chaos,
Dissolved oblivion :
Frone and hoar as the sea thy heart is,
Wild as the wild wind that tosseth on—
Night, chaos, thou, the ocean and whirlwind,
One—all—and alone !

THE CHILD.

UNTO the heart of the innocent
Is heaven's best pleasure sent,
And never may earth annoy
The comrade of joy !
Nature's modest children fair,
That to others silent were,
Come to talk and play with her ;
And from water and from skies,
From flower and bird, come rich accord
Of all sweet charities.

An innocent little girl I know :
(Heaven keep her so !)
Kind-hearted nature set
In her lap the pet ;
Meet playfellow of brooks were she,
Or runaway
Thro' the merry May,
To stray nor stop
But to call the fairies up !
And the prettiest of books were she
To read the love of Nature in ;
Her blue eyes the blue sky might win,
And her voice
The robins rejoice. •
Tender in deed and word, and free
And perfect as a bird is she !

To the purity of pleasure
Her soul keeps tune and measure,
A sprite of the daylight,
A buoyant beam,—a fountain stream !
Ah ! deep the sweetness whence it sprung,
Far in the heart of bliss,
And upward with the stress
Of freedom and of happiness,
A speaking light, a warbling tongue
Forever musically young !

What is she doing the livelong day ?
Ever at play !
With the merry game of the myriad things
Of her nimble and aëry imaginings,
In a fountain humor, fresh and gay,
Chasing the shadows away,
And following the sunshine upward and after,
Breaking out into sprays of laughter !

And she seemeth never a child of earth,
Of mother or father,
But a miracle of eternal youth
And an infant joyance rather ;
For as we grow old, and droop and die,
And dwell in the world no longer,
She should be young, forever young,
Or ever growing younger.

Play ! play ! and make the world for thee
 A garden in a wildwood,
Where a mortal like me may look and see
 The eternity of childhood :
Play ! play ! be the earth thy playfellow,
 With never a shadow, never ;
A soul set to an immortal tune,
 Singing forever !

THE MINSTREL.

THE minstrel swept the chords along ;
 His soul was heavy with grief :
There was never a strain so full of pain
 And never a song so brief.
And low he sung to the wan waste sky
 And deep to the tender sea,
“ Oh, love ! tho’ long you did me wrong,
 This night you’ll weep for me.”

Then wild arose his voice and lyre
 With the woe his soul awoke ;
But the music fled, and the singer was dead,
 For heart and harp were broke.
And a proud white maid o’er the minstrel bent,
 And fair, O fair, was she :
“ Ah, farewell pride,” the lady cried,
 I could have died for thee.”

KING RULI.

WE'RE rovers all ; we're singers five
And rhymer's five ; come round, come round.
Ye five shall give us honest rhyme,
And we shall give ye sound.
King René was a worthy king,
His minstrels tuned him truly,
And old King Cole was a merry soul,
But none so great as Ruli.
The red Rhine wine ! the red Rhine wine !
The red Rhine wine, ye bring ;
Ruli !—King Ruli !—
And he shall be our king.

Let laurel crown his great gray head,
A big arm-chair his paunch shall hold ;
He'll smoke his pipe, his beaker drain
Like King Cambrinus old.
Then when his face is red with cheer
In clouds of glory, duly,
Let wit go round and song abound
For ruddy old King Ruli.
Right red Rhine wine ! right red Rhine wine !
Fill high the bowl and sing :
King Ruli !—King Ruli !—
And he shall be our King.

Ah ! never once so jolly face
In green old Arcady appeared,
And as he drinks, the drink flows down,
Like Aaron's oil, his beard.
He's six feet high, his beard is long,
And broad his body truly,
There's not in all the world as big
And proud a king as Ruli.
The brew-bright beer ! the brew-bright beer !
Now drain the bowl and sing ;
King Ruli !—King Ruli !—
And he shall be our King.

“ True liegemen all, I give ye joy,
As I am host and landlord here,
Ho ! varlets, bring my Rhenish wine,
And flagons fill of beer ;
And he who swallows stout and full
That vassal loves me truly ! ”
“ Long live ! ” we cry—“ long live ! ” we cry,
And bumpers fill to Ruli.
Right royal cheer ! right royal beer !
Right red Rhine wine ! we sing ;
King Ruli !—King Ruli !—
And he shall be our king.

We're rovers all ; we're freemen all,
And who along with us shall sing,
Must love his pipe, respect his beer,
And call great Ruli King.

For smoke and cheer are freedom's best,
Are fire and incense truly,
And none so free as they who be
The subjects of King Ruli.

Free song for all ! free feast for all !
So bid the flagons ring ;
King Ruli !—King Ruli !—
And he shall be our king.

But, hold—the monarch's mellow grown ;
His pipe has dropt—he's drowsed and sped ;
Lord ! how he snores—wide open doors—
We'll bury him in bed.

Then while our pious shoulders bear
His burden, sing we newly :
The king is dead !—long live the king !—
And live again, King Ruli !

We're monarchs all ! we're monarchs all !
So proud each minstrel sings—
King Ruli !—King Ruli !—
And he is king of kings !

THE FLAG.

THE flag that was brought from the sunset aflame
And joined to the night's constellation,
That the proud eagle bore in the morning amain
To the conquering arms of the nation ;
We swear to defend, and no traitor shall rend
That starry old ensign of duty—
Still aloft shall it shine, like a symbol divine,
The emblem of valor and beauty.

For it streamed o'er our heroes in battles of yore
A meteor of glory and wonder,
And it rose o'er the clouds and the din of the war
As the lightning that follows the thunder ;
And the soldier in fight saw the stars of his night
In the flag to which honor had bound him,
For freedom he sought, or for glory he fought,
But he died with the colors around him.

'Tis a symbol of Union, that rose from the war,
And stood like a goddess of glory,
And goldenly glows on Pacific's far shore
Or breasts the Atlantic so hoary.

From the Gulf to the Line shall its powers combine,
By the blood of our soldiers and seamen,
Still the land from each strand shall be glorious and gra
And her banner the banner of freemen !

THE PILGRIM.

I WOULD I WERE on that dim shore ;
Oh ! boatman, boatman, ferry me o'er !
A pilgrim long I've wandered lorn,
And I would die where I was born—
Tho' there no father's house I see,
Nor sister, brother, wait for me,
Nor true-love stands, my ferry o'er,
To greet me there on that dim shore.

The hamlet spire afar I see
And smoke of village factory ;
And farmer Robin's meadow green
And woods I roamed with brother Dean.
The farmer's dead, the girls are gray,
My brother Dean is far away,
And father, mother, sister, be
With Janet 'neath the churchyard tree.

O boatman, boatman, o'er the burn
Me none shall greet, nor I return ;
A wanderer tired, with staff in hand,
I've traveled sorely many a land,
And I would my last voyage try,
Together we, my dog and I.
O boatman, thine is Charon's oar ;
Bear me away for evermore.

UNDERGROUND.

I

THERE came a wild-eyed melancholy
And a deep-voicéd sorrow,
A grave, hoarse-haunted sorrow,
That breezed a chill breath in among the holly :
“ There shall be no to-morrow,
Thy day must be to-day.”

II

Then shrunk the amaranth and the laurel leaf
And faded my red berries into grief,
And shriveled all my flowers into grief
Of utter naught,
And left me lonely as a desert thought,
Fallen on a sterile and a starless shore,
Some desolate and mourning meteor.

III

And numb and dumb there come
Dull phantoms crystallised from the breath
Of the white-wintered lips of Death,
And with the ghost-voice of the elfin Death
That groans up from the grave,
Or that comes sighing strange from far ayont
the wave.

IV

And still the shrewd-eyed melancholy,
The sybil-weird wild melancholy,
The subterranean sorrow :
“ Thy grave, thy grave to-day—
There shall be no to-morrow.”

I SAW THEE IN THE NIGHT.

I saw thee in the night, O beautiful !
A Hesper spirit, radiant, sorrowful ;
But grief like thine seemed with the heavens
in tune,
Or sighing from the fragrant heart of June.

I saw thee in the night, O beautiful !
And tears from out thy skyey silence stole,
Some orbéd spirit might have dropt afar
From the dull eyelid of a weary star.

I saw thee in the night, O beautiful !
And night were black without thee, stars
were dull ;
Hesperian vision,—more than mortal maid,—
And lunar presence in a world of shade !

SERENADE.

THE moon is full, and the winds are lull,
And far away dieth the barcarol ;
Odors of flowers in the starlit hours
Wander away from enchanted bowers,
And the rose is asleep, and my lady above
Slumbers in peace as she dreams of love,

Love !

Slumbers in peace as she dreams of love !

Nightly the nightingale starward sings,
To her bower of roses he wings, he wings !
Listen, O listen, his melody ;
Listen, O lady, he sings of thee !
And the starbeams shimmer, the moonbeams
break

On the lustre of lilies that lie on the lake !

Break, break !

On the lustre of lilies that lie on the lake !

Sleep, sleep, and never a care
Fret thee or harm thee, O gentle and fair ;
Dream, dream, in thy dream, love, glide
Sweet thoughts, like blossoms that fall on the
tide ;

Till sleeping and dreaming, thou dreamest of me
Till sleeping, thou dreamest I sing to thee—
Till dreaming, I sing in thy dream, love, Awake !

Wake, O wake !

Dearest and best, for thy true love's sake !

HEAVY HEARTS.

HEAVY hearts, heavy hearts,
Why will ye sober ?
Russet all thy greenery ;
There's a raven in thy tree
Turning June into October.
Must sweet life a-wooing go,
And never find her lover ?
Hearest not youth's bright wine flowing
With a rosy rhyme,
Happy hearts, hard fate unknowing,
Life with love in time ?
Still the pain on lover's lips,
And the mute replying :
But for one of all the world—
Only one of all the world—
Sighing, dying !

Lovely eyes, lovely eyes,
Why will ye sorrow ?
There's a canker in thy rose
And thy lilies are but snows
That the June hath nought to borrow :
Give to-day to song and ease,
Love will come again to-morrow.

Hear'st not thou the roundelay
Under stars and moon?
Life and life together flowing
Ever into tune?
But a chord in heaven is lost!
Still the mute replying:
But for one of all the word—
Only one of all the world—
Sighing, dying!

SING SORROW.

A LASSIE she sat by a willow alone,
Her heart was uneasy, her lips they made moan;
Sing sorrow—sing sorrow—sing sorrow!
For under a hillock her true love was laid,
And thereby a sexton was plying his spade:
Sing sorrow—sing sorrow—sing sorrow!

“O gravedigger, gravedigger, haste thee my
tomb,
For my life it is wo, and my day it is doom!”
Sing sorrow—sing sorrow—sing sorrow!
So saying she sighed, and so dying she told,
And the grave it was deep, and the maiden
was cold:
Sing sorrow—sing sorrow—sing sorrow!

IN THE SEA.

Down in the ocean's caves
The wild mermaiden dreams
Thoughts far gone of the earth
And naiads of the streams.
Away the merman roameth ;
The conchs that deck her round
They murmur in her distant dream
Full of the far sea's sound.

In the sea's Valhalla sits
Hoar Neptune on his throne,
The storm-gods round him rise,
Sea-elves and water-gnome.
Thro' the deep Domdaniel caverns
(Far underworld they be !)
The angry demons come from hell
To cool them in the sea.

In the sea-gardens grow
By isles of coralline,
Strange purple, fish-red flowers,
And meads of glassy green ;
And down upon them gleameth
The light of ghastly skies,
Where, the sea-weed tangled in his hair,
The fresh-drowned sailor lies.

Upon the ocean's floor
Rests the wrecked galleon's mine,
Leviathan ponders by
And dolphins light the brine :
And there the skeleton lieth
Of many a pirate bold ;
They cannot grasp, their bone-dead hands,
Those yellow treasures old !

GO, DEAREST, GO.

Go, dearest, go : I cannot chide, but linger
Like some wild passion on an earnest song,
The melting music of a lovelorn singer,—
Go, dearest, go ; but do not tarry long.

Go, tho' the rosy hours are pale without thee,
Absent from thee the night is drear and
dark,
When all is heaven within thee and about thee,
And hope sings cheerly as the morning lark.

Go, dearest, go ; but if thou hear'st a calling
Low in thy gentle heart, a dove-like song,
Come to me, come ; the silent tears are falling :
Go, dearest, go ; but do not tarry long.

FRA ZOOK.

A SHAVEN monk, with ashen face
And sunken eye, and gown and crook,
An eremite, a Carmelite,
Barefoot his way he took.
He mumbled crumbs of mouldy prayer,
He begged the crones for fee and fare;
Bowed kirtled lass and clownish poll,
And thus this ghostly friar did dole :
Benedicite ! Pax vobiscum.

So, every abbey made he rich,
And fray of all the orders was ;
Ay, wondrous miracles he did
This sour Fra Zookius.
Now fair or foul, now gross or lean,
He shrived the duchess, preached the queen ;
They say he did with Satan cope !
Too good for saint, they'll make him pope.
Benedicite ! Pax vobiscum.

Midnight, he made the abbey roar ;
At morn was ne'er so sober monk ;
Betimes he'd pray the prior to sleep,
Then drink the brothers drunk.
Now speaking to himself he goes,
And chuckles 'neath his hookéd nose ;
Scowls when the sacred bells intone,
Then laughs, and calls the world his own !
Maledicite ! Maledicite !

At Michaelmas, Fra Zook was sent
Of holy mull to brew a bin ;
He worked it well, he made it strong,
But, lack ! he tumbled in !—
Horns, hoofs, dissolve in hiss and roar !—
The brothers bless themselves a score.
God save us ! said the people wide—
Of poison the whole abbey died !

Anathema maranatha !



HOME FROM THE WAR.

SHE watched, and she waited ; she looked to the west ;
A rider came riding, and bright was his crest :
Gaily he rode him ; and merry sang he,
“True love, oh true love, I come unto thee.”

Waved then her lily hand, trembled her eye ;
(Bonny hearts, bonny hearts, true love is nigh !)
Lightly he lighted, and kisses she gave,
“Welcome, oh welcome, my gallant, my brave.”

Love is a rider ; no footman is he :
Love is a warrior ; none braver can be.
He recks not of foemen ; he stops not for bar ;
Welcome, O lover, home from the war !

THE SPRITE.

SHE was a sprite of rarest joy,
A vision of the light
That came of Nature's ecstacy,
Nor fairy were so bright;
A spirit gay as any dream,
As innocent of grief
And gentle as the daintiest bird
That ever trembled o'er a leaf.

Ah, vain! to touch the finest chord
For soul so fair and fleet!
She seemed to live in her own joy
Star-lone and very sweet:
A lucent self, a jewel-heart,
Gem brief, and never long,
The magic round of harmony,
And perfect spirit of a song.

THE FISHMARKET.

THEY sit all day, those women gray,
Close by the water's side ;
Hereby the sturgeon-fishers sing,
Thereout the steamers ride :
And mid a twang of many tongues
Their shining fish they sell,
Shad, salmon, rock-fish, bright sea bass,
And briny mackerel.

“ Ho ! mother fishwife ! ” thus I heard
The raw sea-captain cry ;
“ What’s yonder fry worth ? ”—but a tear
Dropt from her flinty eye.
“ And how, dame, fares thy sailor lad,
Who brought them fresh for thee ? ”
“ Drowned ! drowned ! my little fisherman,
My Willie, in the sea ! ”

OLD Autumn broods in silence where
The leaves lie hid in yellow graves,
The faded plumage of the year
The wizard wind so wildly craves.
A sullen sun looks down on thee,
The stolid glebe and haggard trees,
And spectral want of maniac years
In mournful sounds of memories.

THE UNDERTAKER.

DEATH was an undertaker,
And he kept stall in mart,
And there came by on many a quest
Full many a beating heart.
He saw the world go on,
But feared not for his fee ;
“ Where'er they go, how long they go,
At last they come to me.”

Death had coffins and graves to sell
Alike to age and bloom,
So he charged them round and well
For many a splendid tomb.
There came a sorry wight—
“ I have nor friend nor fee.”
“ I pity thee,” said Death ;
“ Here’s shroud and tomb for thee.”

FLOWER AND SONG.

Rose, ah ! rose of roses,
I to her should bring,
Song, O song of singers,
Only I may sing !

In Eden, oh, in Eden
There is a flower for me,
And in heaven a maiden
And a melody.

Still for that election
Must the poet sigh ;
For that divine perfection
He must, singing, die.

Rose, carmine of roses,
Vain imagining !
Song divine of many songs
That I may never sing !

THE FUGITIVES.

LONG way they fled ; the wilderness before ;
With bleeding feet and limbs the thickets tore ;
Through swamp and brake, the serpent hissing nigh,
The night-bird shrieked, and sped the bittern by :
On, ever on ; the bloodhounds bayed behind ;
Fear under foot, and death upon the wind :
“ Brother,” cried one, “ O long the way must be,
And I must die, ere freedom I shall see ! ”

Burned down the far sun like a blood-shot eye,
And lurid night-fires struggled to the sky ;
Still came the gaunt pursuers on their track ;
They heard the tyrants’ voices at their back.
Then savage grew that giant negro’s frown ;
He grasp’d his chains, and struck his master down.
“ On, on,” he cried, “ tho’ long the way must be,
“ Tis longer yet the path of slavery.”

Their mountain covert kept they to the dawn :
“ Up, up,” the strong one cried, “ we must be gone ! ”
“ Brother, I die,” the weary wanderer said,
The other raged, “ some devil give me bread ! ”
In vain their strength whom foe and want consume,
One back they led in shackles unto doom :
Rang in his ears a dying brother’s cry—
“ Farewell to life, and welcome Liberty ! ”

PARADISE ALLEY.

THE children are playing in Paradise Alley,
Little Samson, plump Peter, and Susan McNally ;
Irish Katie's red hair's floating wild in the sun,
And Dolly, the barefoot, is shrieking with fun.
Just yonder's a lot with a patch of dry green,
And there at the sunset these folks may be seen ;
They jump and they tumble, they romp and they rally,
While the grandmothers sit at the doors in the alley.

Now I know by the "briar," the "geese" and the "clout,"
That my vagabond Richard, so dirty, is "out;"
Pretty Moll, in a corner, blinks, staring at me,
While they play "ring," and "tagger," and old "hunkadee;"
Tom yonder, the billy-goat pulls by the beard,
And sis, with her hair over eyes, is afeard ;
A flute at the street-end sounds far in a valley,
And a fiddle is scraping in Paradise Alley.

O, the children are joyous wherever you please,
But none are so funny as troopers like these !
For a scratch, in the parlor, George cries out for "pop,"
But till bruised fair and squarely poor Dermod won't stop :
Rude, ruddy, and rugged, like father or mother,
Half-cherub, half-elf, and at home what a bother !
So, upward and downward they run and they dally,
Dishevelled and ragged, in Paradise Alley !

AWAY.

Poor children ! I wonder what fate may be yours
When, like father and mother, you go from the doors ?
Here Biddy played truant, but now for her bread
She frets and she wrinkles, with thimble and thread ;
And Michael the laborer, worn with his load,
With a sunstroke at noon-day fell down in the road.
So we laugh, so we weep—thus I think as I sally—
'Tis the way of the world, and of Paradise Alley !

AWAY !

Away ! away ! the mountains disappear,
And now our prow swims thro' the waters clear ;
Ye happy vales, ye hills in amber, blue,
And fields of sunny peace—Adieu ! adieu !

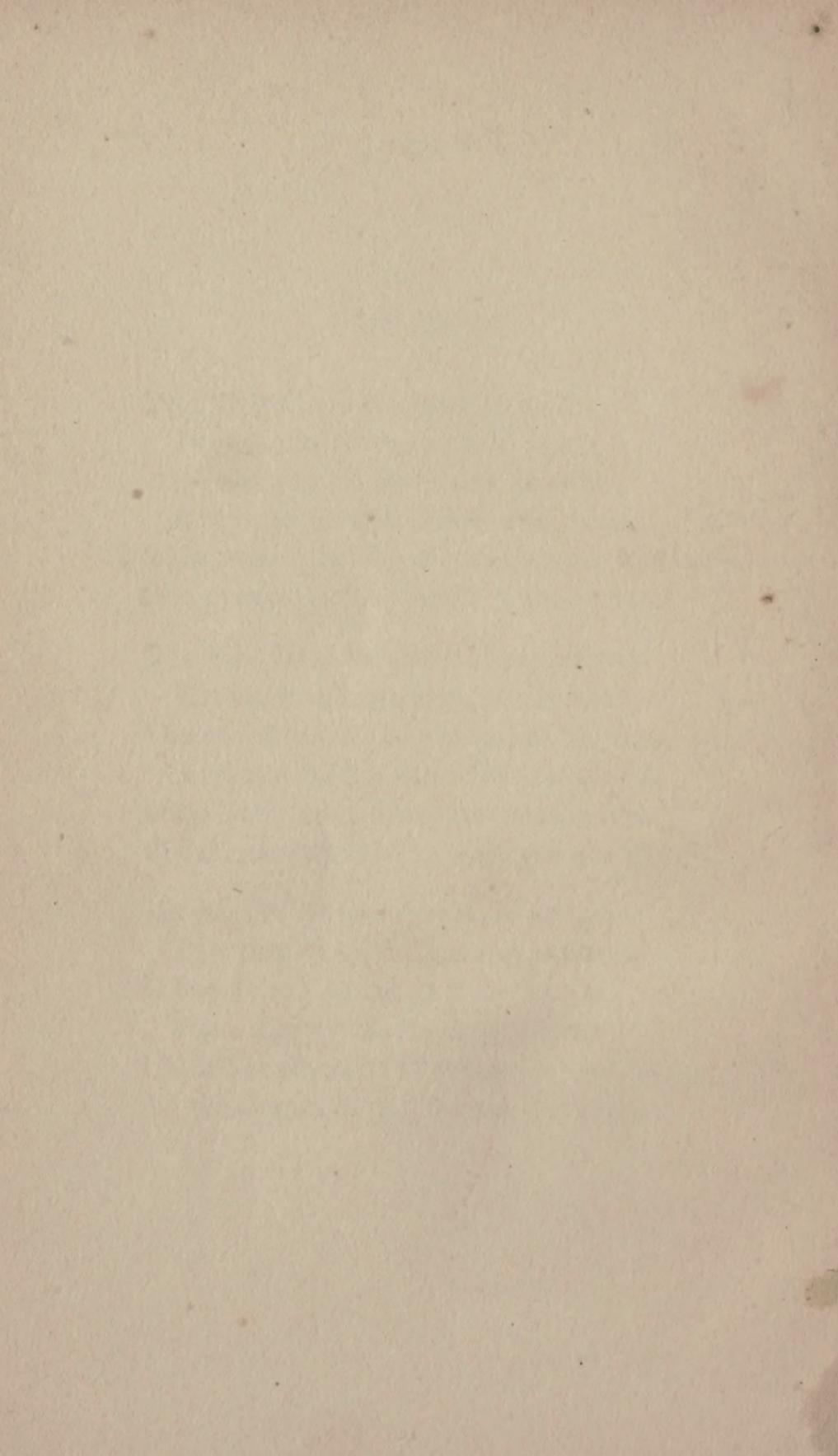
Farewell ! farewell ! we go to other lands ;
With aching hearts we go to dreary strands :
Now fade the summits in the distance gray,
And loud the future calls—Away ! away ! away !

UNREST.

THE boat at its mooring lies idle,
It rocketh, it creaketh in vain ;
And wearing at chain and at cable,
It yearns for the billow and main.
Blow winds, loosen mooring, give motion—
She groans for the thrill of the ocean !

The bird frets the bars of his prison,
His cage the great eagle despairs,
The steed hoofs the ground of his thraldom,
And man in his shackles complains.
Drop bars, open dungeon to cheer ye,
Break, chains, for the captives are weary !

My soul in its covert and bondage
The rust of its dullness complains ;
O better the storm and the battle
Than laggard to lie in thy chains !
Flash sword, and fall fetters—soar, pinion,
To the dream of thy daring dominion !



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